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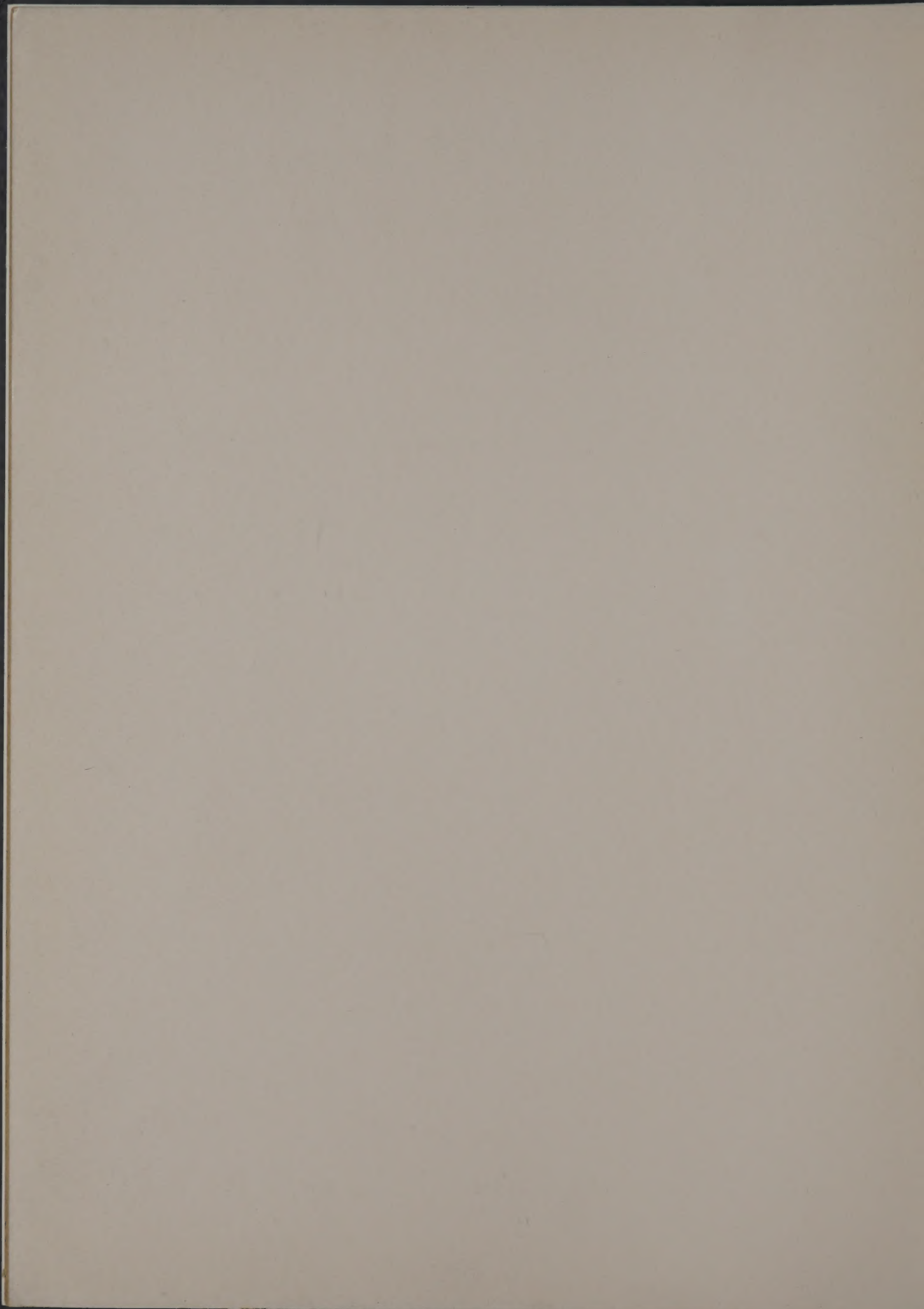
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In

Tenebris

Lux

*Saint Luke's
Hospital*



In Tenebris Lux

VOLUME I :: 1941



Saint Luke's Hospital

School of Nursing

Cleveland, Ohio



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Foreword

All things must have a beginning . . .

We began to fulfill our desires to serve, to be members of a great and worthy profession, three years ago. Now that we are about to step onto the second rung of our ladder, we the seniors, are looking forward to the greater things in life to which this profession may lead.

Just as we had a beginning, so this year book is born. We have attempted to incorporate the incidents and narratives which in later years, as we turn these pages, will bring back memories of student days. Its title, *In Tenebris Lux*, is appropriate we think; the translation of the Latin being, "Light in Darkness".

The year book staff wishes to thank each one who has contributed to make possible the publication of this first *In Tenebris Lux* and hopes it may be carried on in years to come.

The

"I solemnly
in the presence
life in purity
faithfully.
terious and
knowingly
do all in my
the standard

confidence all personal matters committed to
my keeping and all family affairs coming to
my knowledge in the practice of my calling.
With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician
in his work and devote myself to the welfare
of those committed to my care."



MISS HAZEL AVIS GOFF, R.N.
Director of Nurses

Dedication

Because she has devoted years of service
to the nursing profession; because she came
to guide us in a time of need; because
she has taught us, as students, to carry re-
sponsibilities and to carry them well

We the senior class, dedicate this, the first
issue of "In Tenebris Lux" to

MISS HAZEL AVIS GOFF

Director of Nurses

Saint Lukes Hospital



Anthony Weins

MARTHA HAWKINS SMITH

Martha Lee Hawkins Smith, a graduate of Frances Payne Bolton School of Nursing, Western Reserve University, 1928, came to Saint Luke's Hospital in the fall of the year 1937. She had received much of her graduate teaching experience at Teacher's College, Columbia University, and her practical knowledge of public health through her association with the Cleveland Division of Health, Maternal Health Association, and Visiting Nurse Association.

As an instructor in public health nursing she assisted in the reorganization and teaching program for the Out-Patient Department at Saint Luke's Hospital. For three years she encouraged and directed each student who came within her field of observation. Her willingness to listen and her sympathetic understanding endeared her to all of us who knew her. She seemed to have an infinite amount of patience and awareness of the things of life which seemed most important. Her cheerful attitude and alert personality made everyone love her. Her philosophy of life was so helpful for there was never a situation or idea expressed that she did not lend a guiding and willing hand.

Perhaps we cannot express our thoughts in any better way than that in which a very dear member of her family did at the time of his bereavement. "How many of us can feel that within so short a space of a lifetime we had touched and perhaps controlled or guided as many lives as Martha Lee?" This seemed to help lessen somewhat the shock of losing her, for we began to realize that she had given to all of us some part of her philosophy of life—a part which cannot be taken away.

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To the Graduating Class of 1941:

Greetings!

As the time of your commencement draws near no doubt you are conscious of the approach of greater responsibilities which you must assume as individuals. Your lives pass into your own hands to do with as you will. How well you succeed will depend upon what you put into these lives, how well you adjust to the circumstances which confront you, how much you strive to improve both your inherent and your acquired talents for living and working.

The Saint Luke's Hospital is proud of the part which it has played in moulding the career which you are to follow. Those who are responsible for the operation of the Hospital and its School of Nursing will watch with keen interest your pathways of development and accomplishment. We are, and will continue to be, proud of all of you and your efforts, and in turn, we hope that our guidance of the affairs of the Hospital may always be such as to reflect credit upon you.

With kind and cordial good wishes, I am

Sincerely,

Fred G. Carter, M.D.
Superintendent



MISS HAZEL AVIS GOFF, R.N.
Director of Nurses

To the Class of 1941:

At long last the most important day has arrived when you will start out to win success in your chosen profession.

The time for this preparation, three years ago, looked long and monotonous, but seen in retrospect, you find it has been filled with many joys and some sadness, thrilling new experiences and numerous satisfactions in the attainment of confidence, as well as knowledge.

You have made many delightful friendships which will last through the years. You have become attached to the School which has guided and protected you when you were uncertain of your own judgment.

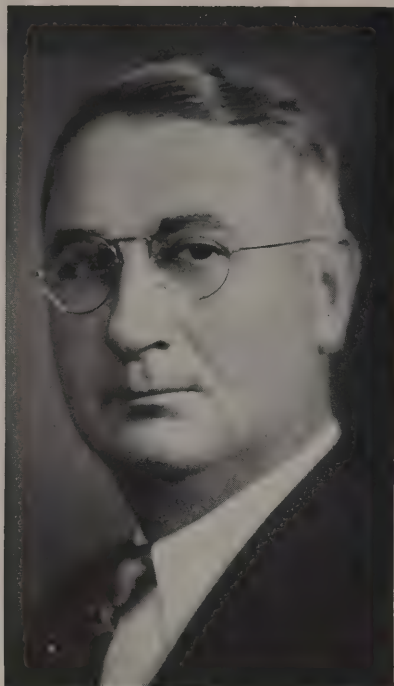
Now you will have the responsibility of establishing yourself as a successful nurse of whom your friends, your family and your School may always be proud.

For the Faculty may I extend best wishes, and personally add my sincere congratulations.

Sincerely yours,

Hazel Avis Goff

Director, Department of Nursing



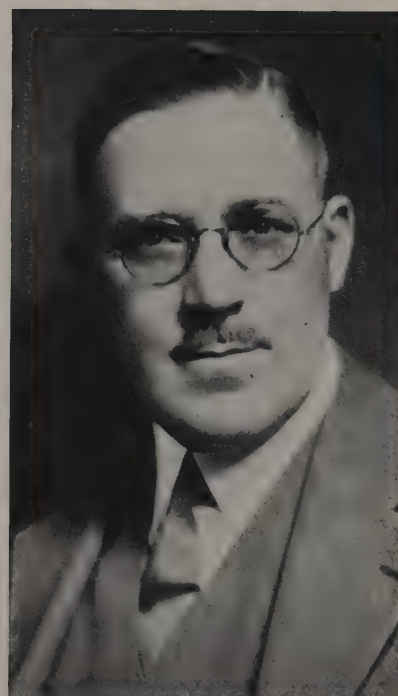
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Not pictured: James F. Jones, M.D., J. Robert Collins, M.D.



Head Nurses and Assistants

Front row, left to right: Miss Alvera Warneke, Miss Julia Bogle, Miss Helen Hukari, Miss Ruth Driggs, Mrs. Eletha Clapp, Miss Pauline Wells, Miss Elena Makinen, Mrs. Gladys Tropf, Miss Regina Ramsey, Miss Virginia Pauling, Miss Virginia Wolfe.

Second row: Miss Ruthella Jones, Miss Janet Buckholtz, Miss Mary Ujcic, Miss Elnora Fox, Miss Ruth Stauffer, Mrs. La Oma Cassidy, Mrs. Helen Greenlee, Miss Kathryn Dippel, Mrs. Florence Carpenter, Miss Dorothy Atwood, Miss Jayne Heller.



Classes

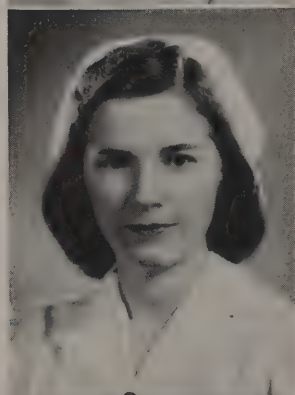
Seniors



DOROTHY BAILEY

Orwell, Ohio

"Here is a girl so pleasant and sweet; one we would all like to meet."



JANE BRANDT

Lakewood, Ohio

"Always happy, always gay, always driving care away."



LOIS BUTLER

Ashtabula, Ohio

"A winning way, a friendly smile, in all, a girl quite worth-while."



ADA COLLAR

New Brighton, Pa.

"I need no apology, I speak for myself."

1941

EVELYN COOPER

Garrettsville, Ohio

"Yet I have something in me dangerous."



ELEANOR CRISWELL

Coshocton, Ohio

"Happy am I, from care I am free;
Why can't they all be contented like me?"



HELEN DEE

Cleveland, Ohio

"Happy go lucky, sweet and free,
Nothing there is that bothers me."



MARGUERITE EFFINGER

Medina, Ohio

"Women of few words are good friends."



Seniors



AUTUMN EHRBAR

Coshocton, Ohio

"Small in height—great in might."



SHIRLEY ERICKSON

Bryant, So. Dakota

"Her heart is like a trolley car,
always room for one more."



MAXINE GRANGER

Norwalk, Ohio

"She's shy, reserved and quiet."



RUTH GREGG

Cleveland, Ohio

"For if she will, she will—depend
on it."

1941

MARGARET HACKER

Lakewood, Ohio

"A flower of meekness on a stem
of grace."



JOSEPHINE HARDGROVE

Youngstown, Ohio

"In a fool's paradise she drank
delight."



MARY ISABELLE HARSH

Cleveland, Ohio

"Just gave what life required."



LEILA HARTLINE

Dover, Ohio

"Humor is the foam on the wave of
life."



Seniors



EVELYN HOFFMAN

Dover, Ohio

"Never troubles trouble, till trouble troubles her."



GENEVIEVE HUNTINGTON

Middlefield, Ohio

"Surround me with the serious things of life."



MARIAN JOHNSON

Ashtabula, Ohio

"A gal isn't poor if she can still laugh."



MARGARET KING

Lorain, Ohio

"Opposition gives one greater power of resistance."

1941

ELIZABETH KLIER

Jefferson, Ohio

"What delight a quiet life affords."



LURA KRAPS

Macksburg, Ohio

"Wise, but not by rule."



AURORA LEMMO

Cleveland, Ohio

"Dark hair, shiny eyes,—she's a prize."



DOROTHEA LLOYD

Cleveland, Ohio

"She does a lot without much noise."



Seniors



JENNIE McCREADY

Ashtabula, Ohio

"As she thinketh in her heart, is she."



RUTH MORGAN

Altizer, W. Va.

"A lively stripling, brave and tall."



MARGARET ORR

Mishawaka, Indiana

"Joy ruled the day and love the night."



NORMA PARKER

Harbor Creek, Pa.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

1941

GRACE PETERSON

Cleveland, Ohio

"Wise to resolve, patient to perform."



JANET PRICE

Lakewood, Ohio

"From a little spark may burst a mighty flame."



LOLA PULS

Parma, Ohio

"She is modest and quiet too, a friend, she is ever true."



KATHRYN RUTLEDGE

Carrollton, Ohio

"Silence has many advantages."



Seniors



KATHRYN SCHLECHT

Girard, Ohio

"She has learned the luxury of doing good."



ERNA SCHULZE

Cleveland, Ohio

"If we all talked as much as she, eternal silence there would be."



ERNESTINE SCOTT

Willoughby, Ohio

"A fellow feeling makes one wonderful kind."



JEAN SMITH

Cleveland, Ohio

"Swing and sway the Smitty way."

1941

MARY SMITH

Sandusky, Ohio

"The first duty of a woman is to be kind and true."



BETTY STAMBAL

Sharon, Pa.

"Patience is the greatest of all shock absorbers."



EDITH STAUFFER

Reynoldsville, Pa.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."



ELEANOR STODDARD

Middletown, Ohio

"Forever will she love?"



Seniors



ELLA THOMPSON

Elyria, Ohio

"What care I when I can rest and
take life easy?"



MARGARET URBAN

Cleveland, Ohio

"Never silent unless fast asleep."



WINIFRED WEEKLEY

Cleveland, Ohio

"From her eye doth gleam that
dancing devilish gleam."

Senior History . . .

On a bleak, dreary, February day, three years ago, nineteen of us sat in the library of the Nurses' Home of St. Lukes Hospital, awaiting our introduction to we knew not what—but we soon found out! After a brief interview with one of our instructors, we were measured for uniforms. My, but they were beautiful—then!

Next began the first classes: The awful smells that came from that chemistry lab; the slippery, slimy frogs we chased about anatomy lab; the way we had to try to divide one little pill into six parts for Mrs. Harker (when anyone knows a tiny little pill cannot be divided into six parts); and how those corners on the beds just wouldn't remain square! These things may have been disheartening at one time, but we now know that they are a part of every nurse's training. Six weeks of burning the midnight oil, and then our uniforms arrived. We, ever curious, ever under foot, ventured onto the divisions. At last the night of capping arrived and we were no longer "Probies".

Soon after being capped we found ourselves decreasing in number and decreasing rapidly, but not for long. In October, forty-eight Preliminary Students joined our small group to make additional history for the Class of '41. All the girls of the February class had "little sisters" (and perhaps little brothers—at home). My! How fast we had grown in those eight months (especially around the waistline), but we were no longer the Preliminary Students and the last ones to file out from 6:25 chapel. The new group met with the same trials and tribulations as the February class, but, after capping, we were one.

Remember the penny board and that great attempt at dramatics in "Ferdinand the Bull"? It was a financial success until part of the cast was called out to surgery, which left only one-half of Ferdinand—and so ended the first May festival in '39.

The next great event of the year was vacation time. Most of us had a month's leave and then returned, pounds lighter and shades darker. Our first dance was proclaimed a great success—(net profit two dollars and seventy-five cents)—and so we were caught in the social whirl. But we were not sunk—oh, no, not us. Dramatics was becoming more and more popular in the school—and thus came stunt night. How can we forget our grass (newspaper) skirts and sailor pants (internes' scrub suits) in that Honolulu-Sailor skit? Of course, WE walked off with the cup!

[April first brought separations from the home ties and roommates. At this time, nineteen of us ventured to the West Side to spend six months in affiliation at City Hospital in a new environment and different type of nursing. It was quite a change from our own hospital, to be sure. The way we wandered through the tunnels only to find ourselves in the wrong building; the way we cooked our own 2 A.M. breakfast on night duty; and oh!—how we did miss our radio programs!! Those were wonderful months spent in affiliation, even though we did manage to get in only three to four

(Continued on next page)



LURA EVELYN WISE

TO LURA—

Through thick and thin
 She'll always win
 Though misfortune overcomes her;
 She's got the grit,
 The thing, that's *It*
 That forever more becomes her;
 So here's to Wise
 The best of guys —
 This only mildly sums her.

(Continued from preceding page)

hours sleep with night duty, day classes, and warm summer days (spent chiefly in the sunny court).

We returned to our own hospital, bag and baggage, on the first of October, and we found many of our classmates had already taken our places at City.

The Junior-Senior banquet was quite an affair for us—even though we had worked to sell hamburgs week after week for such small profits. Our chile supper, not so long ago, might have been a success—had not the dining room served chile for lunch that very day. The chile was good. At least we who made it thought so!

The months and years in training have passed rapidly, leaving behind many memories. We all recall nights when we were suddenly awakened by a bright light shining in our eyes and someone roughly tugging at us—saying over and over again, "Come on, Kid, you're wanted in surgery." How quickly we managed to jump into our uniforms and shoes, giving not a thought to the bobby-pins and curlers in our hair. It was thrilling! Someone needed us! We all remember our first days on 4 West and being "on call" for O.B. surgery. Those were exciting days and nights!

A few of us, interested in Public Health Nursing, were given two months to work in the district. Thus, with our class, began a new field for Saint Luke's nurses.

Those farewell breakfasts on "finishing" days will long be kept in mind: the lighted candle on the table; the underclassmen singing "Blest Be The Tie That Binds"; and the tear-filled eyes of classmates holding hands to form that circle which has been so close for three years. This is the last day as a student for someone—how sad and yet how happy she is on this day!

And so our story ends—our class history. May we all have more interesting stories and memories to add to those from Saint Luke's Hospital!

THE EDITORIAL STAFF

Class Will . . .

We, the Class of '41, remaining sound and sane of mind, though our days be numbered, do hereby make known the contents of this, our last Will and Testament—

The class, as a whole, bestows upon and bequeaths the following of its unlimited virtues and assets:

To Saint Luke's Hospital—Our loyalty.

To the Juniors—Our Senior privileges????

To the Freshmen—Our willingly forgotten greenness.

To the Internes—Our promptness!!!!

To Miss Green—All uniforms remaining in good condition for the use of future seniors.

To the Pharmacy—The sad remains of our combined collection of nose drops and cough syrup.

We, as individuals, do will the following to our fellow students and co-workers:

Eleanor Stoddard and "Tinkie" Thompson leave their ability to get into "dutch" to Mary Lindquister—Our sympathy, Mary.

Dorothy Bailey gives to Shirley Cole the bids to the next two W. R. U. proms. Lucky you, Shirl!!

"Johnny" Johnson leaves her advantageous susceptibility to impetigo to anyone desirous of spring vacations.

To "Ev" Morgan goes Joyce Orr's "slow" rate of vocalization.

Jane Brandt gives her opinion of Case and its men to anyone who will listen—(and we always do!)

To the "Probie" class goes Ruth Morgan's enviable figure—Hope yours will be the same at the end of three years!

To any susceptible person, Ev Cooper gives her "moods".

To Ruth Hanneman we give Bette Klier's height.

Lois Puls' perfect coiffure goes to Jean Hossel.

"Gen" Huntington bequeaths her unique humor to Helen Atkins.

Jennie McCready wills a wee sliver of her musical talents to some underclassmen.

To anyone who feels "way down" we give Jo Hardgrove's sunny disposition.

Betty Stambal in 245 East, wills her ultra smart bed lamp to Lee Buss.

To the "lab" goes Kathryn Schlecht's appendix—Leila Hartline joined in here, donating hers to future pathology classes.

Isabelle Harsh will exchange her ruled out cardiac condition for a good reducing diet.

Erna Schultz bequeaths her simple, subdued, submissiveness to Betty Angelotta.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from preceding page)

Janet (Pinky) Price leaves her typically redheaded temper to Ann Costlow—especially good in cold weather, Ann.

To Beverly Carter goes Winnie Weekly's "Giggle Contagious"—Guaranteed non-allergic!!!

Jean Smith leaves to Dorothy Smith her slimness—Why don't the Smiths get together!!!

To Elsie Kuhl goes Eleanore Criswell's lovely eyes and long eyelashes.

To Dorothy Devorak is bequeathed Margarite Effinger's talkativeness.

To Jeane Metcalf, Dorothea Lloyd wills her reputation for efficiency.

To Phyllis Jones we will Maxine Granger's conscientiousness.

To any needy senior, Helen Dee leaves her only remaining set of six buttons and studs.

Ernestine Scott (Scottie) leaves her reputation as a generous food distributor to anyone who can bear up under the same conditions.

Aurora Lemmo bequeaths to Claire Landorf her book of stamps—for army use only!!

Autumn Ehrbar leaves her long siege on "A West" and "B Central" to Isabel Trombley who is looking for exciting nights on duty.

Ada Collar Dean leaves for the use of more timid souls the bus or the train, for now "the sky's her limit". Congratulations, Ada.

Lois Butler's black velvet sensation at the January '41 Dance is left to Mary Stewart, "Probie", for with pay checks rolling in (and out again) she hopes for better and smaller ones.

Margaret King's many words of wisdom are not to be squandered upon one lucky soul. May we all share them.

Margaret Urban's acquired speed in giving formula feedings every hour to ten babies was developed on "3 Central". So to Pediatrics and all future students go her blessings—may there be fewer babies and more students.

Waltzing on roller skates is an achievement, so Norma Parker has decided to keep this and give away a pair of unmended duty hose.

Kay Rutledge leaves her affinity to do good to Florence Sicha.

Mary Smith leaves her subtle remarks to Helen Atkins.

Amy Stauffer wills her amiability to Virginia Concoby.

To Helen Kolodicek, Ruth Gregg wills her fatal charms—and may she use them sparingly!!

Margaret Hacker leaves her pointers on "How To Be a May Queen in 10 Easy Lessons" to Kathryn Pittis and Mary Lou Wiggers to wager over. May the best girl win!

Maxine Hoffman leaves her Saturday night engagements to Shirley Phillips because Shirley is capable of following in her footsteps.

Shirley Erickson leaves her aptitude to fall in and out of love every six weeks to anyone allergic to spring fever.

To June McKelvey, Grace Peterson wills her enthusiasm and tireless efforts which went into the making of this annual.

Louise Kraps' two a.m. vigils are left to Helen Telzrow—may she use them to good advantage!

To the Junior Class Lura Wise leaves her "snappy" vocabulary to be picked up on her return.

Class Prophecy . . .

DATE — 2000 A.D.

Now this is the story of the class of '41,
They were a swell bunch of girls—a big lot of fun,
Their fates were so different and their ends unique,
We'll tell you them now, but excuse our technique.

First there was Bailey—not a bad sort,
She married Jim, had seven kids then went to court;
It seems that he beat her, and socked her and then
She up and left him and never saw him again.

And then there was Brandt—Oh, what an end she had!
She decided the whole dern political regime was bad;
She lectured and talked 'til everyone knew it,
Then one night a Nazi bomb found her house and blew it.

Remember Butler—she was little and dark?
That doesn't mean a thing cause she sure had that spark;
She went to Hollywood just after the war,
And Sam Goldwyn saw her and made her a star.

Collar had high ideals, so high they couldn't be seen,
That's why she picked an aviator by the name of Mr. Dean.
They flew into happiness—secure with their wings,
This goes to show you what true love brings!

Remember Cooper—she was blonde and had boils?
She married a sailor, had two boys and three goils;
Ten years passed, then she met a smoothie,
She left the gob, married him, and became a doozie.

Then there was Criswell—I believe they called her Cris,
She turned out to be just another poor fish;
She nursed at Saint Luke's 'till she was sixty-five,
Then changed to Lakeside and there she (sob-sob) died!

Dee married a congressman who had some authority,
But she soon taught him he wasn't the majority;
She henpecked and nagged him and even gave him scars,
'Til they tried her for husband beating and she landed behind bars.

Ehrbar surprised us all, dear ole autie,
She was always so good and never was naughty,
She dedicated her whole life to the care of the poor
Nothing was too much for her—she always sought more!

Then there was Effinger, a comely lass,
She failed State Boards and never did pass;
So with much inventiveness and great determination,
She made a million in the field of rat extermination.

Erickson fooled us and returned to the plains,
There she lived happily without many gains.
For years she planted corn, raised cattle, and tended the crops,
You certainly couldn't call her one of our flops.

Granger was quiet, sweet, and coy
She joined the W.C.T.U. and set out to destroy
All that was wicked and viceful and cursed,
Let this be an example to you who have thirst.

Gregg married a carpenter and spent the rest of her life
Collecting hammers and tacks like a very good wife;
She collected nine trunksfull with pride and exuberation,
'Til they sent her to Psycho under observation.

Hacker became a model because of her beauty,
She couldn't take it long, 'cause she couldn't forget her duty;
So, again she put on white and again she joined the ranks,
And after fifty years became one of those cranks.

Hardgrove was always pure and simple and good,
She married Elmer as everyone knew she would;
They never had any children so they adopted a cousin,
And lived happily in Youngstown selling doughnuts by the dozen.

Harsh became an instructor in Nursing Arts Science,
A taskmaster, a slavedriver, she knew every appliance;
She taught it all for forty years,
But, Oh! Look at the girls she launched on careers.

Hartline became the inventor of a new ice cream cone,
But, it failed, she went broke, and Oh! did she moan!
She accepted her defeat and went around beefing (beef-beef)
And spent the rest of her life accepting public relief.

When they told us of Hoffman, we broke down and cried,
She spent ten years in prison, for the law she had defied;
When the G-Man asked her where she made her money,
She answered saucily, "In my cellar, you dumb bunny!"

Genevieve Huntington was married five times,
She went to her grave still listening for wedding chimes;
First there was George, then Bill, John, Art, and Joe,
She loved them all dearly 'till they ran out of dough.

Johnson returned to ye olde homestead,
She was bound and determined to get ahead;
So, she started raising chickens and selling the eggs,
'Til a Follies scout made her famous because of her legs.

King married the owner of an airplane system,
He flew away, never returned, but she didn't miss him;
She was too busy devoting her time
To delinquent children in the field of crime.

Klier joined the navy and become a nurse for the sailors,
She nursed them all well—the admirals and the failures;
One night there was a storm, the waves rolled all around her,
Maybe they're still searching but they never have found her.

Krapsie finally went in business for herself,
Her friends backed down, she was left alone on the shelf;
She did all right until the market declined,
And there at the bottom our Krapsie you'd find.

Lemmo went to Omsk, which is off in Siberia,
There she taught the natives nursing, so they wouldn't be inferior;
She organized a hospital with a large corps of nurses,
A revolution came, she was ruined, all she got was, "Oh, Curses."

Lloyd went to the theatre one day,
And her heart was quietly stolen away
By a Robert Taylor with patent leather hair;
She married him, then of troubles she had a good share.

McCready became a Communist and went to Moscow,
She preached the Red's doctrine, Oh, boy, and how!
Then someone turned traitor and in a mess she got,
So one morning before breakfast, boom—she was shot!

Morgan returned to the hills and became a hill-billy,
All her friends up North condemned her as silly;
But, she loved it because she could do as she'd choose,
And she never again was seen wearing shoes.

Orr married Pete and went to live in the Square,
The world went to ruin but she didn't care;
She had five little Petes and felt very secure,
'Cause she was an optimist of the old school that nothing can cure.

Parker never quite got over her Red,
She loved him tenderly until he was dead;
Of course, she married a banker in a whim,
But he never took the place of that other Him.

Peterson went to Duluth as editor of a paper,
She wrote little health hints for the sick and for the daper;
She wrote so much and became so renowned,
They built her a throne and had her crowned.

Price went to France and got a Croix de Guerre,
Just why she got it and how and where,
We'll never know but we can only guess,
'Twas because she was so good in saying, "Yes, yes."

Puls went to Rochester to lead a new life,
While she was there she became Jack's wife;
They built a fine house in a nest of little hills,
And spent the rest of their life meeting the bills.

Rutledge went to Havana on one of those cruises,
She was never seen again so now it behooves us,
To tell you she was out picking bananas one day,
And a tarantula bit her—That's all we've got to say.

Schlecht went to Mexico and bought a Hacienda,
But she came home quick, her country to defend;
She nursed the soldiers through war and strife,
And led a most miserable military life.

Schulze became an orator of very great note,
She carried away the house with a two to one vote,
Campaigning for more men for nurses in training,
To put a stop to all this foolish complaining.

One day Scott packed her clothes and went away,
She had a nice new job on the W.P.A.;
She taught the C.C.C. boys all about first aid,
Boy, you should have seen the salary she got paid!

It's hard for us to remember all about Jean Smith,
It seems she started a hospital just for the sick;
She failed miserably though, 'cause she just wouldn't believe,
That you can't pay nurses a hundred a week and succeed.

Mary Smith won \$300 at bank night one night,
It put her in such a dither, she couldn't comprehend her plight;
She became very dazed and sat and thought,
And for 10 years afterwards she was good for naught.

Stambal planned to go West 'till she met Ben Gittlesaul,
So for a long time she worked in da Mount Sinai Hospital;
Husband, Ben, had suits and pants business, but almost had no sale,
If Betty hadn't saved him by getting things wholesale!

Stauffer bought a dairy and went in for cows in a big way,
She outdid herself and all dairies too, by the way;
She made ten grand clear then took a trip to Samoa,
And after that was never seen again no-moa.

Stoddard became very fed up one day,
She packed her clothes, bought a train ticket, and ran away;
She finally ended in a convent and there took the veil.
What a tough break for all the boys from Southern Cal. to Yale!

Ella Verona, lady of the lamp,
On the nursing profession left her stamp;
She's the only nurse under the shining sun,
Who turned "Burlesque Queen, Tinkie Thompson."

Urban married Tony, a very nice huckster,
Every morning she helped him make round on his truckster;
They peddled da vegetables, da banan', the feesh,
Yes, sir, dees Urban, she pretty swell deesh.

Winifred Weekly had a sorrowful finis,
She got a vitamin deficiency 'cause she wouldn't eat her spinach;
She made all the rounds—hospitals, doctors, clinics,
And ended uncured, one of the world's greatest cynics!

Wise looked the other way and some T.B. bugs caught her,
But a very small matter like that didn't daunt her;
She fought like a trooper and licked them all,
Then joined the army to get away from it all.

This is the story of the forty-oners,
They were made of great stuff—they stuck to their gunners;
The best that was in them—they gave and gave more,
And never complained when their feet were so sore.

E. Thompson, '41.

Ten Commandments for Nurses



1. THOU shalt bow down before thy Seniors—THOU shalt rise for them—stand aside for them—and sprint for them.
2. THOU shalt remember forever more a "G.G." to be. "ROLLERS" are passe.
3. THOU shalt not stand when thou can sit; nor SIT when thou can LIE DOWN; nor merely LIE DOWN when thou can SLEEP!
4. THOU shalt beat the clock at stroke of 10 A.M. six times **for** there is but one late leave a week.
5. THOU shalt remember to throw thy laundry down "q" Monday nite or—THOU shalt do without.
6. THOU shalt not mix babies—most mothers prefer their own.
7. THOU shalt remember that the six weeks spent in the diet kitchen should increase the waistline as well as the knowledge.
8. THOU shalt be first in breakfast line if "W.W." toast is a predominant cause of 6 a.m. hunger pangs.
9. THOU shalt attend all meetings and socials if there is nothing better to occupy the mind.
10. THOU shalt remember to speak only when spoken to—or at the slightest provocation.



Juniors

Front row, left to right: Marie Wade, Dorothy Whittier, Mary Wiggers, Edith Deutsch, Marion Inman, Jeanne Metcalf, Virginia Guyer, Violet Mansfield, Helen Salandra, Claire Landorf, Anne Costlow, Mary Carson.

Second row: Sally Brookhart, Beverly Carter, Dorothy Kotecki, Thelma Berkey, Lyla Ferguson, Violet Williams, Lois Goodell, Helen Atkin, Dorothy Devorak, Dorothy Agin, June McKelvey, Eleanor Alberg, Ruth Hanneman, Marilyn Lyon, Ruth Slager, Gwendolyn Beard, Elsie Kuhl, Kathryn Pittis, Ella Benedict.

Third row: Betty Brinkerhoff, Shirley Cole, Miriam Robertson, Isabel Trombley, Mary Lindquester, Dorothy Wilson, Marjorie Kolodicek, Shirley Phillips, Margaret Sweeney, Evelyn Morgan, Miriam Rauch, Jean Maggs, Rosemary Black, Virginia Concoby, Frances Bordenkircher, Marcia Alger.

Not pictured: Charlotte Fisher, Bonnivere Burns, Phyllis Jones, Columbia Marino, Florence Sicha, Betty Angelotta, Eleanor Buss, Grace Heilman, Helen Kolodicek, Elsie Pugh, Imogene Martin, Margaret Morris, Martha Rinehart, Dorothy Smith, Eva Underwood, Clara Yaggi, Jean Hossel.

Front row, left to right: Ruth Cunningham, Marjorie Goetz, Ruth Burnbrier, Ruth Sutz, Pauline Veryk, Betty Hossel.

Second row: Eleanor Lampman, Imojean Lyons, Erdine Wells, Dorothy Bodendorfer, Eunice Creed, Elizabeth Weimer, Marion Marshall.

Not pictured: Roberta Herrick, Doris Wilson.



Freshmen

Front row, left to right: Phyllis Sanford, Ardith Spanabel, Wanda Shiveley, Rebecca Plotkin, Elizabeth Kenzig, Helen Bates, Dorothy Klyne, Margaret Kilmer, Jo Ann Smith, Elaine Duecker, Rosa Brophy, Cherry Copeland, Jane Kendeigh, Mary Gatchell, Elsie Edwards, Mary Bailey.

Second row: Gwendolyn Durstine, Leila Dorer, Peggy Nelson, Irene Pilnick, Evelyn Rodhe, Mary Mortine, Geraldine Hansen, Merle Graff, Gladys Raber, Betty Scott, Shirley Foust, Viola Schoenbaum, Melanie Lomnason, Norma Harrison, Martha Brandt, Mary Louise Stewart, Barbara McKinstry, Dorothy Poulton, Ruth Lutz.

Third row: Marjorie Eberhart, Irene Fishel, Dorothy Bartz, Enid Burlingham, Betty Stewart, Kathryn Gilmore, Viola Ammerman, Jean Schlosser, Lorna Scott, Betty Leonard, Gretchen Haltrich, Phyllis Miley, Betty Schlundt, Geraldine Wescott, Mary Goldcamp, Betty McKelvey, Janet Peterson, Betty Ripple, Rayane Frazer, Betty Reese.

Not pictured: Marjorie Amstutz, Ruth Griffith, Jean Gross, Helen Hepler, June Leonhart, Mary Schaeffer, Mary Werner.



Left to right: Miss Anna Green, Miss Mildred Seyler, Helen Kolodicek, June McKelvey, Ruth Slager, Kathryn Rutledge, Janet Price, Marjorie Goetz, Eleanor Lampman, Miss Hazel Goff.



JANE BRANDT
Student Council President.

Student Cooperative Government

In the years previous to the organization of the Student Cooperative Government there were three distinct class organizations, each working toward a separate goal. The Senior Class of 1938 began working on a program whereby school unity would be gained, yet class unity would not be lost. Delegates from all classes met together and a constitution for a Student Cooperative Government was drawn up. By this the Cooperative Government hoped to foster social relationships and student activities and to assist in maintaining a high morale and good scholarship.

The cabinet of the Student Cooperative Government is made up of the President, Vice president, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Cooperative Government, a representative from each class and the various Cooperative Government committee heads. Miss Goff, Miss Seyler and Miss Green complete the cabinet. This body holds bi-monthly meetings on the 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month. All matters pertaining to student affairs are brought up before this group.

Two years have passed since its organization, and changes have been made but the first difficulties have been hurdled and today the Student Cooperative Government is an integral part of our institution.



Front row, left to right: Violet Mansfield, Dorothy Kotecki, Isabel Trombley, Jo Ann Smith, Rayane Frazer, Miriam Rauch, Elaine Duecker, Helen Salandra, Rosa Brophy, Dorothy Wilson.

Second row: Jane Kendeigh, Martha Brandt, Enid Burlingham, Ruth Griffith, Melanie Lomnason, Geraldine Hansen, Jean Schlosser, Eunice Creed, Marion Marshall, Gladys Raber, Betty Scott, Barbara McKinstry, Pauline Veryk.

Third row: Geraldine Westcott, Mary Goldcamp, Viola Ammerman, Dorothy Agin, Betty Leonard, Lorna Scott, Phyllis Miley, Janet Peterson, Mary Werner, Mary Schaeffer, Norma Harrison, Ruth Lutz.

Seated at the piano: Leila Dorer.

Directing: Miss Zoe Long Fouts.

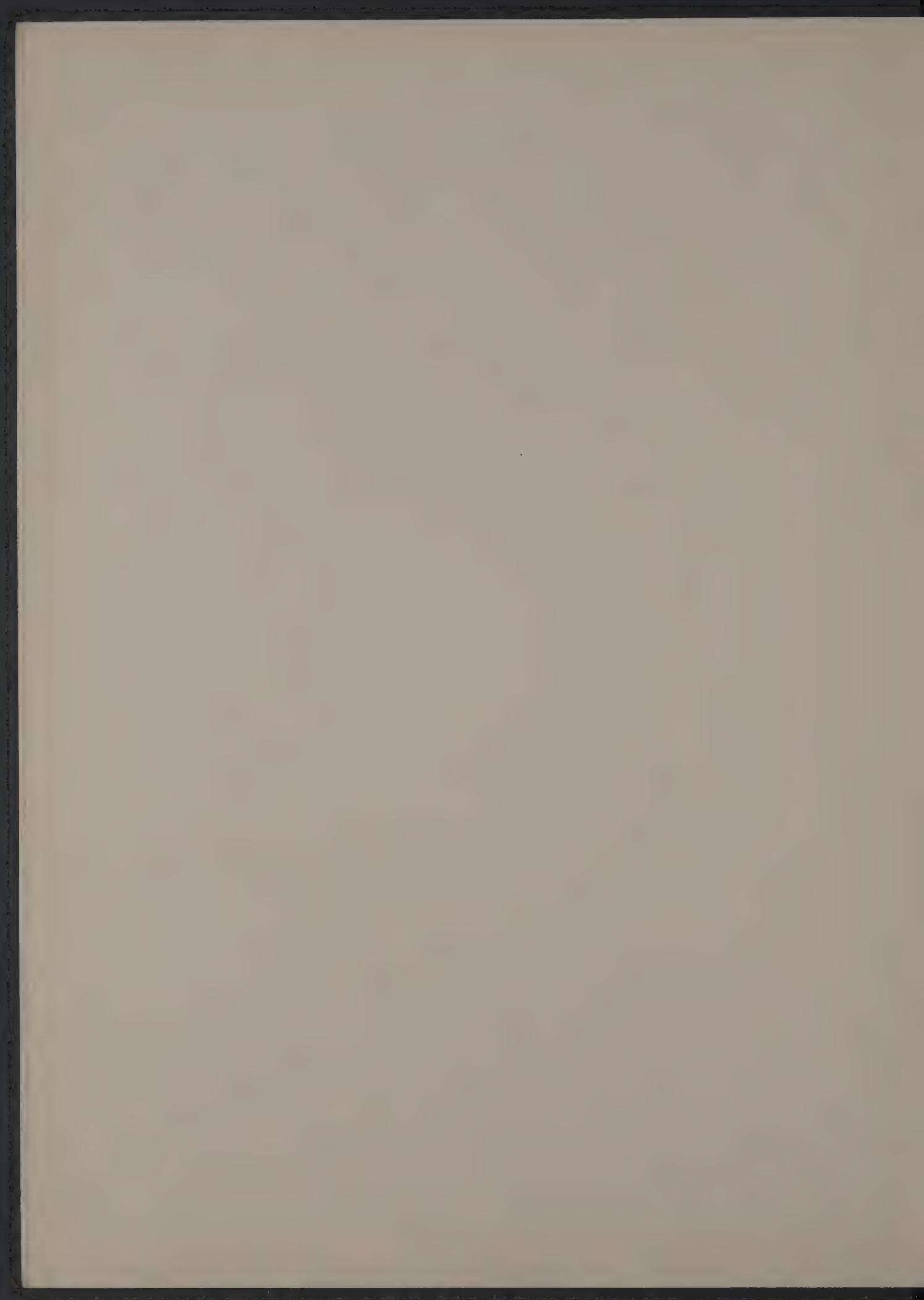
Choral Club

Our Choral Club may not have a long history, but it does have an excellent record for its past performances. The Choral Club was organized late in 1939 under the direction of Miss Zoe Long Fouts. Its membership has since grown to almost half a hundred. It has its own officers that serve for a year.

The Choral Club holds weekly practices every Wednesday night. Its poster, the Wednesday reminder of Choral Club rehearsal that night, is a musical inspiration with its two birds sitting together on a limb, their beaks open singing.

The Choral Club, with its repertoire of classical and "light" music provides a musical background for many of the social activities of our school: the Christmas and Easter Programs, Baccalaureate, Commencement, Capping Services.

The first president of the Choral Club was Jennie McCready. The officers for this year include, president, Roberta Herrick; secretary, Meg Goldcamp; and librarian, Helen Salandra.



Features

"THE INTERNE'S DILEMMA" or "WHY EAT AT ALL?"
or just "WHY?"

SCENE: Internes' dining room, Saint Luke's Hospital.

TIME: Dinner time.

Enter Drs. Eyssen and Brownell. Tall, dark, and handsome Dr. Eyssen speaks:

EYSSSEN: (to waitress) I don't care what you have on the menu, bring me eggs. I like eggs. I need eggs. I am Eyssen (as if we didn't know.) Brownell never orders. The waitress brings him his first dish of ice cream. After the sixth he will have had enough. Eyssen's eggs enter behind Hank Williams and an eight ball.

H. WILLIAMS: Bringing pleeze de same stoff. It's all tasting like nodings to me. Are you hearing yet about Shapiro's wife?

Eyssen continues eating eggs, but Brownell comes out of the chocolate sauce long enough to listen. As Brownell listens over the "slupping" of disappearing eggs, dark, silent, sinister, Robechek drags himself into the dining room with Dr. Mills, always the gentleman, carrying a wash cloth, in tow.

They are seated as Wendelken enters closely followed by a flying bun, (which he neatly dodges—remaining calm and quiet as always.) Henry Williams starts the story about the saleswoman and the farmer's son (see author for details) and we notice Joe Williams finishing a meal of two quarts of milk and three peas. As usual, no one knows how or when he got in. A chorus of sinister sneers shows their appreciation of Hank's story, but Joe Williams falls asleep, and is last seen disappearing under the table.

Jerry Meyer helps Adams in. The poor fellow looks worried and worn (he's married). The last one in the dining room is that serious clinician, Kalina, thinking not of food, but coming to eat only to gain strength to apply himself more diligently to his strenuous duties. (Author's note: If this isn't the truth, I didn't write this).

Over the clamor of active gustatorial endeavor the telephone operator is heard.

OPERATOR: Drs. Adams, Brownell, Eyssen, Meyer, Kalina, Robechek, Williams, Wendelken, and Mills wanted on the phone (probably to give an order for a h.h.h. S.S.E.).

CHORUS: Not here.

MEYER: What are the toxic effects of gr. iiss of aspirin?

ENTIRE MEDICAL STAFF: Two and one-half grains? Are you trying to kill someone?

MEYER (subdued): Aw gee—don't think I'd ever give that much.

Meyer is driven from the dining room, scorned by his associates for his radical therapeutics.

SOCIAL WORKER: I want ——

INTERNES: Here.

Wendelken starts for the door but is knocked down by Joe Williams who has been rejuvenated by the sight of the girl in green.

MILLS: Man, that boy sho do know how to handle wimmen.

H. Williams leaves with Adams for the pool room.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: There's a woman in the lobby who wants to see the interne she was out with last night. She says her ——

——but the dining room is empty, the boys having vanished to their favorite hiding places to read the nurses' annual.

Joe Shakespeare, Bard.

THE HABIT OF ABBREVIATION

The habit of abbreviation has now spread to such an extent any elderly practitioner might well suggest that the Rx sign should precede the following typical telephone conversation: "H.S. speaking. R.S.O. saw this in O.P.D. Father died of G.P.I. Mother of D.T.'s. Previous history of T's and A's in childhood, also S.M.R. Scars of ops. for I.D.K. and L.I.H. Gyn. gives a history of a C.S. and later a D. and C., followed by S.V.H. K.J. present. W.R. negative both blood and C.S.F., so no Sy.; smear for G.C. has gone to V.D. Now suffering from P.U.O. B.P. and B.S. normal. No P.A. No increase V.F. or V.R. No sign of T.B. or dip.; swab shows streps. Widal negative. V.D.H. mitral. The pro. says B.O. and P.U. today."

—LANCET.



"House Surgeon speaking. Resident Surgeon of Out Patient Department saw this is Out Patient Department. Father died of General Paresis and Adnoidectomy in childhood, also Small pox Reaction. Scars of operations for Incision and Drainage of Kidney and Left Inguinal Hernia. Gynecology gives a history of a Cesarean Section and later a Dilatation and Curettage, followed by Supra Vaginal Hysterectomy. Knee Jerks present. Wassermann Reaction negative both blood and Cerebral Spinal Fluid, so no Syphilis; smear for Gonococcus has gone to Venereal Dispensary. Now suffering from Prexia of Unknown Origin; Blood Pressure and Blood Smear normal. No Pernicious Anemia. No increase Vocal Fremitus or Vocal Resonance. No sign of Tuberculosis or Diphtheria; swab shows streptococcus; Widal negative. Valvular Heart Disease mitral. The professor says B.O. and P.U. today."

EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATION

CHEMICAL ROMANCE

Said Atom unto Molly Cule,
 "Will you unite with me?"
 And Molly Cule did quick retort,
 "There's no affinity!"
 Beneath electric light plant's shade
 Poor Atom hoped to metre;
 But she eloped with rascal Base
 And now—she is saltpeter!!

LOYALTY

Lady at all times, in all places, to all humanity.
Obedience under all trials and difficulties.
Yearning to give aid to God's stricken ones.
Alertness in the performance of her duties.
Labor until the given task is accomplished.
Tact in dealing with professional men, patients, and students.
Yielding to teachings of the institution.



THE CAP

It's just a piece of linen
Starched so smooth and white,
It symbolizes honor
In the face of truth and right.
It signifies a life's work
Done for humanity,
Years of toil and service
A nurse's life must be.
Perhaps it doesn't mean much
To all the gang back home,
They only know we're different now,
So far apart we've grown.
But to us it means a joy,
And a sense of self-content;
It signifies a life's work,
And it hears God's recompence.



TO OUR JUNIORS

Blessing on thee little nurse,
Pale of cheek and empty purse;
With your aprons long and white,
And your days turned into night;
With your tired feet, tired still
Weak in courage, strong in will.
There, there Juniors, don't you cry,—
You'll be SENIORS, by and by.



Miss Brandt (taking general anesthetic): "And before I come out of the ether will you please tweeze my eyebrows, Doctor Hoge?"

Miss Stoddard: "Mother I'm out of school again!"

Mrs. Stoddard: "Again! What did you do this time?"

Miss Stoddard: "I've graduated."

And then in O.B. class this was heard:
"No authenticated case has been known in which sterile parents have transmitted that quality to their offspring." Now, Now, Dr. Hoskins!!

Today we have lost one of our beloved physio-therapists. We understand that his wife thought that he was having too much to do with Violet Ray.

Dr. Bowers: "Girls, I am tempted to give an examination."

Faint whisper from rear: "Yield not to temptation."

Miss Fuller: "This patient will give you a full catalogue of her ailment."

Dr. Fry: "Yes you might almost call it an organ recital."

An Anatomical Honeymoon . . .

A wedding of some distinction took place on the border of ORLANDO'S fissure between Miss ANatomy and Mr. PHYsiology.

The bride, who entered through the PALMER ARCH on the arm of her uncle DO BELL, was clothed in PALLOR and carried a bouquet of ASAFETIDA. She was attended by Misses ETHYL-CHLORIDE and POLLY-SACHRIDE. The groom was supported by LORD-OSIS.

The bride's cousin, POP-LITEAL, who was head usher, was delayed on account of a THROMBUS in the PORTAL TUBE of his NEW-RALGIA. If AL-COHOL had not come along in his CARDIAC he might have been too late for the event.

During the ceremony, music was rendered by a band, consisting of the EAR DRUMS, FALLOPIAN TUBES, and HAM STRINGS, accompanied by the ORGAN OF CORTI. The organist forgot his music; fortunately, however, PERRY CARDIUM had a BUNDLE OF HIS. One selection being the "MEDULLA OBLONGATA", in PECTORALIS MAJOR, which was rendered with UNBROKEN TECHNIQUE!

After the two were happily married, they at once proceeded to the home of the bride's ANTI TOXIA. Their beautiful LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA, on the wheels of which was the CREST OF THE ILIUM, was driven by PARALDEHYDE.

A delightful reception was given at this aunt's beautiful castle near the NASAL BRIDGE. Things went along very nicely until the groom's brother, BEN ZOATE, probed in his presence, accompanied by his fair girl friend, AMY-LOPSIN, and started to LY-SOL the guests could hear. MA RAMUS, the bride's old darkey nurse, saved the evening by stepping up and asking what ETH-ER of them CAM-PHOR? BEN ZOATE grew very angry and shouted, "Oh, DIGI-TAL-IS to go?" Immediately, with the stimulated assistance of cousin DYSPNEA, they left.

Shortly after this, the bridal couple bought a beautiful LYMPH VESSEL from JE JUNUM,

a long lanky creature, who punctuated his remarks by spilling GASTRIC JUICE in every direction.

With no definite port in mind they drifted dreamily through the channel of SYLVIAS; their fears were soon aroused when their LYMPH VESSEL caught in a mass of DORSAL AND VENTRAL roots along the shore.

Their lives were saved only because Mr. PHYsiology had nerve enough to grasp the CAUDA-EQUINA of a NEURON.

The forced landing, fortunately for our victims, was MC BURNEY'S POINT. Here they sought information concerning other points and shortly sailed through the ALIMENTARY CANAL to DUODENUM. ANatomy tiring of traveling, wanted to settle down in one of the many charming VILLI where beds of blooming HEPATICAS and ARTERIOLES swing in the overhanging LACTEAL branches all day long.

Mr. PHYsiology was very desirous to be an ideal husband, but felt as if he must not spoil his bride by permitting her to have her own way too much, so stated firmly that they would sail further and seek a location.

After several more days of journeying, the pledged couple sailed into PORT PYLORUS where both being agreeable, they purchased a home from Mr. BILE, a resident of GAUL.

Their closest neighbor was a stern old lady who always wore a striped MUSCULAR coat. She was always very kind to them, furnishing plenty of WHARTON'S JELLY. This supply she carried in a CUL DE SAC.

Mr. PHYsiology, not being too VEIN to work, bravely donned his working clothes, which had already been SUTURED with several PEYER'S PATCHES, set forth to make OCCULI MOTORS in the OLFACTORY. Business increased rapidly and soon the young bride had stacks of coin like the great MEMORIAL AORTIC ARCH.

Being of more than MEDIOCRE ability, Mr. PHYsiology soon became a FORAMEN. Then he and his wife lived in unspeakable happiness.

TO BE

I'd like to be a could-be
 If I could not be an are,
 For a could-be is a may-be
 With a chance of touching par.
 I'd rather be a has-been
 Than a might-have-been, by far,
 For a might-have-been has never been,
 But a has-been was an are.



DEDICATED TO BEDTIME SLEEP

Did you ever try to go to sleep
When sleep was far away?
And roll and toss; and toss and turn
Until the break o' day?
Well—that's the way it is with us
At Saint Luke's Nurses' Home.
We have a very special gripe
And sometimes you'll hear us moan—
"It's not because we want to—
"It's not because we can—
"It's just because we've got to—
"EACH NIGHT AT HALF PAST TEN!"

LOIS BUTLER '41



HOW TRUE!

Oh! the meanness of a senior when she's mean;
Oh! the leanness of a junior when she's lean;
But the meanness of the meanest
And the leanness of the leanest
Are not in with the greenness of a FRESHMAN when
She's green!



TWO'S A CROWD

Before I heard the doctors tell
The dangers of a kiss,
I had considered kissing you
The nearest thing to bliss.
But now I know biology.
And sit and sigh and moan,
Six million bad bacteria—
And I thought we were alone.

—Columbus

309 Central

Drs. McGinnis & Tupper,
Inc.

Ah, Surgery!

What's wrong?

Blood Transfusion

Office hours—
8 to 8:30 a.m.
1 to 2 p.m.

Veller Raglin

Which bug now?

"Inky" room

Whatcha' see?

C. S.

5 Central



SAINT LUKE'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

The forerunner of our school was the Cleveland General Hospital organized in September of 1894. It was then located at 274 Woodland Avenue which now is the block between 20th and 22nd Streets. The hospital had a capacity of one hundred beds.

The Training School for Nurses was established by Miss Caroline Kirkpatrick, a graduate of St. Thomas' Hospital, Nightingale School, London, England. Miss Kirkpatrick was a close friend of Florence Nightingale and was a woman who stood for the highest and best in the nursing profession.

The first class to be graduated in 1896 was composed of three deaconesses of the Methodist Church. These deaconesses trained for nursing in order to broaden their field of activity and each one served as a pioneer in the public health nursing movement in Cleveland.

Miss Maude Smythe, a graduate of Hamilton City Hospital, Hamilton, Ontario, was Miss Kirkpatrick's assistant and followed as superintendent when in 1896, Miss Kirkpatrick resigned. Miss Smythe was a progressive leader in nursing and nursing education. Under her able guidance our school was among the first to establish the three year course. She served on the committee to organize the Cleveland Graduate Nurses' Association which is known today as District Number Four of the Ohio State Nurses' Association. Miss Smythe also represented Cleveland at the first meeting of the International Council of Nurses held in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1901.

In 1906 the Cleveland General Hospital became the Saint Luke's Hospital Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church and was moved to a modern building with a bed capacity of about 150 at 6606 Carnegie Avenue. It remained at that location until December 1927 when it was moved to its present location, 11311 Shaker Boulevard, with its present capacity of 395 beds.

Up to date 949 nurses have been graduated from our school. In 1944 the school will celebrate its 50th anniversary. The Alumnae Association of our school has the distinction of being the first nurses' Alumnae to be organized in Cleveland and continue as an active association since October, 1903.

Many of the graduates of the Cleveland General and Saint Luke's Hospital School of Nursing have held positions of honor and trust in the various fields of nursing. At present with the combination college course program that is offered, the graduates of Saint Luke's Hospital School of Nursing will be blazing new trails and attaining new heights in the profession of nursing.

A PRAYER FOR NURSES

by W. J. THOMPSON

O, Thou Father and Helper of Mankind, we pray Thee to further all measures which promote healing, and bestow Thy blessing upon all nurses.

Conform their conversations with their patients to the dictates of enlightened conscience and seasoned judgment. Qualify them to cope with all phases of illness, especially crises. Imbue them with the heroism of Saint Francis, who endured severest hardships to relieve another's pain. May their presence in the sickroom bring, like that of "The Lady of the Lamp", service, skill, and sympathy, brightening hours of the day and night until "the timely dew of sleep falls with soft slumbering weight". Blameless be their loyalty to the physician in charge and to the sovereign interests of their patients. May the nurses' reinforce the apostolic broadcast: "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

From the judge of all the earth, Inspector of Life's charts, may these nurses at last hear: "Well done! Enter the blessed realm where no inhabitant is sick, and where all live in perfect happiness forevermore." Amen.

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We congratulate the staff of the "In Tenebris Lux"
on a splendid book, and we are grateful for the
opportunity to share in its production



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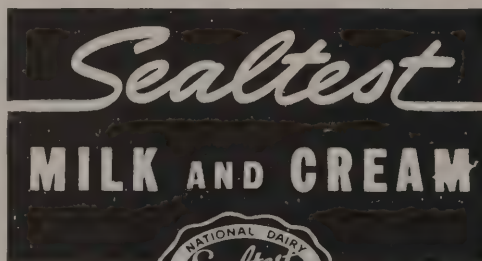


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The I. T. L. staff wishes to express its appreciation for the cooperation and assistance given by all, and especially Paul A. Bakos, Jr., photographer, Dr. Hubert Clapp, Mr. C. Jay Smith, representative of Jahn and Ollier Engraving Co., and Trout-Ware, Inc.

Nurse: "Poor Danny! He died from drinking shellac."

Dr. Kackly: "At least he had a fine finish."

"Have you been to any other doctor before you came to me?" asked the grouchy doctor.

No, sir," replied the meek patient. "I went to a druggist."

"You went to a druggist?" exclaimed the doctor. "That shows how much sense some people have! You went to a druggist. And what idiotic advice did the druggist give you?"

"He told me to come and see you," replied the patient.

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JOKES

Dr. McGinnis: (taking Dr. Dickey through 120 West) "This, Doctor, is a gastroenterostomy, this is a resection; and this is a common duct."

Patient: "I beg your pardon, Doctor, but I am no more a common duck than the rest of these patients in here."

First Intern: "Why do you call that new nurse 'APPENDIX'?"

Second Intern: "Because all the doctors want to take her out."

Patient: "Dr. Schultz said I mustn't eat any red meat as my veins were too close."

Miss Collar: "Too close?"

Patient: "Yes. He said I had very-close-veins."

Dr. Gosse: "My mission in life is to save men."

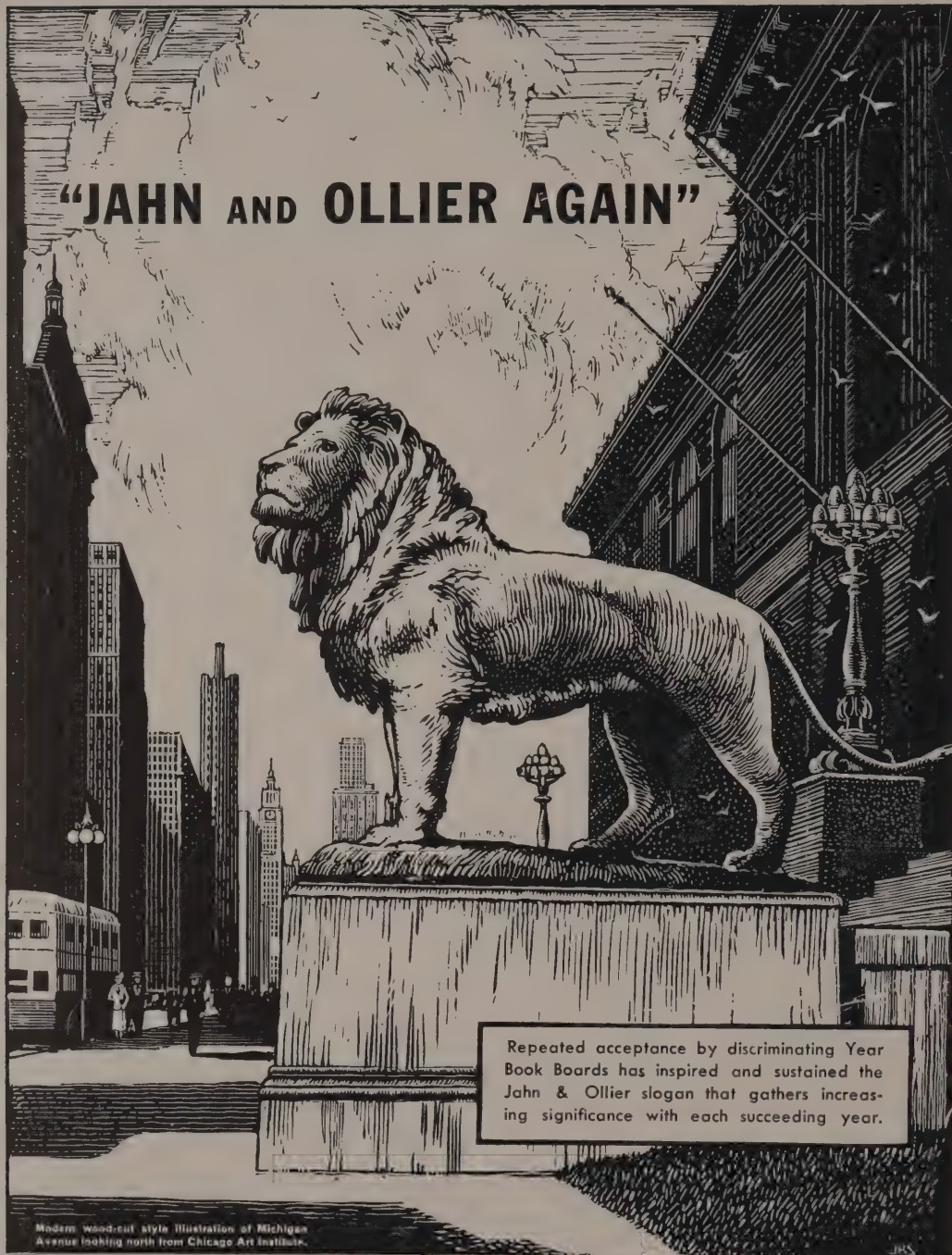
Aspiring Junior nurse: "Save me one will you?"



*Best wishes to the Graduating Class and
the I. T. L. Staff from the Cleveland
General and Saint Luke's Nurses
Alumnae Association*



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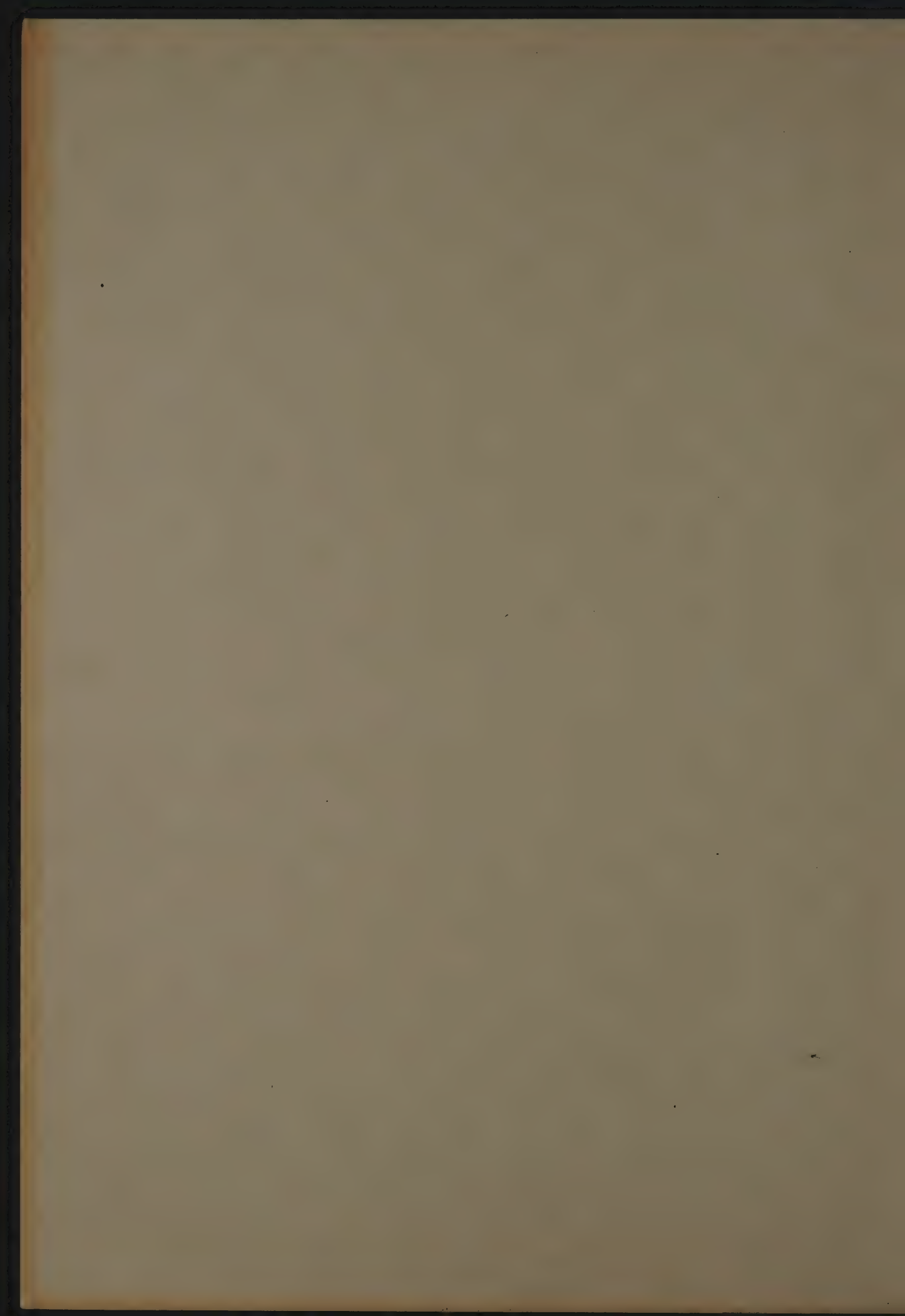
Modern woodcut style illustration of Michigan Avenue looking north from Chicago Art Institute.

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